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NEXUS



nex.us (nek'sas).n. (pl. - uses, us), (L) 1. a link or connection. 2. a connected group or series

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Front Cover by Hazel Palileo
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Three Poems, Winter 1978

Adam King

1.

Never to be persuaded
Winter is that barberless,
The edges that dissemble
Have become ice
Enamored of their downward race.

How ghostly a girl might predict
Neurotic dreams of an anxious perhaps
Instant, bland finalities,
Pages of a rusty peroration tied to it.
All helter-skelter as this ringing breath.

Instead, our melancholy viands.
Our tables of luxurious newspaper
Wrapped around a split between
Time and actual perseverance.
We talked on and on, our car, the trees.

Persuaded to become, in and of
Their doubt, my shadow.
Not realizing this was to enjoy
Certain winds that come and match themselves.
One other instinct is canopied death.

2.

Herring bone wood floor
And the walls covered with playing cards.
She, great silent ground,
May rage with pain, my twin.
Fluttering feuilles.

The tarot of the immanent future:
I hid beneath the tree
Whose stony trunk turns to fine flesh.
Whose winy blood becomes mercurial
Poison.
A keen tone.

The peaceful frozen arms.
If the sun rises at my will
I regret the decision I forgot.
The gentle grasses swim away,
Obedient shawabti.

But in the blue grey you have
Given for my skeleton expression
With this pen
I thee bed,
A miracle of branch and sky.

Priestess and empress.
In the museum
My boots knock like a clock
Waiting for you
While walls shouting presage your atomic power.

3.

You used to "light up my life,"
To snapshot the naked foetus.
Your finger at the switch
Seeming pulmonary,
Now the blood is an issue.

In twos and threes
Impressions of rats came in.
These were all our dangers,
They cried. And we fear
The large.

This shallow bed
Strangled our debate.
Predicated match to the ingenuous struck
Candle of its ashtray defeat.
The outguessed slaughter
Stood head to heel before
The trial of a stranger.

The Orphan Dilemma

An
e
m
p
t
y
champagne bottle. The lovers are drunk
and lie with each other in a motionless sleep
One glass is broken. An accident.
r k e
o

The mystery begins.
Why would a neutron love affair
leave so many realms of potential pain
wrapped beneath a flowered sheet?

R. Gerry Fabian

Aurora Borealis: ()...matching in their mysteries

Arrivals and quest
Belonging to no one
Sharp, coarse, unparalleled by intrusions.

Similitude breaks bridging narrow paths...
Leading to excuses,
Small and indifferent.

Shimmering colours diffuse
Your hair matching your eyes
In their mysteries.

Long playing images
Ever becoming new.
Silent and wishful
On my senses.
I long to see.

Eduardo A. Garcia

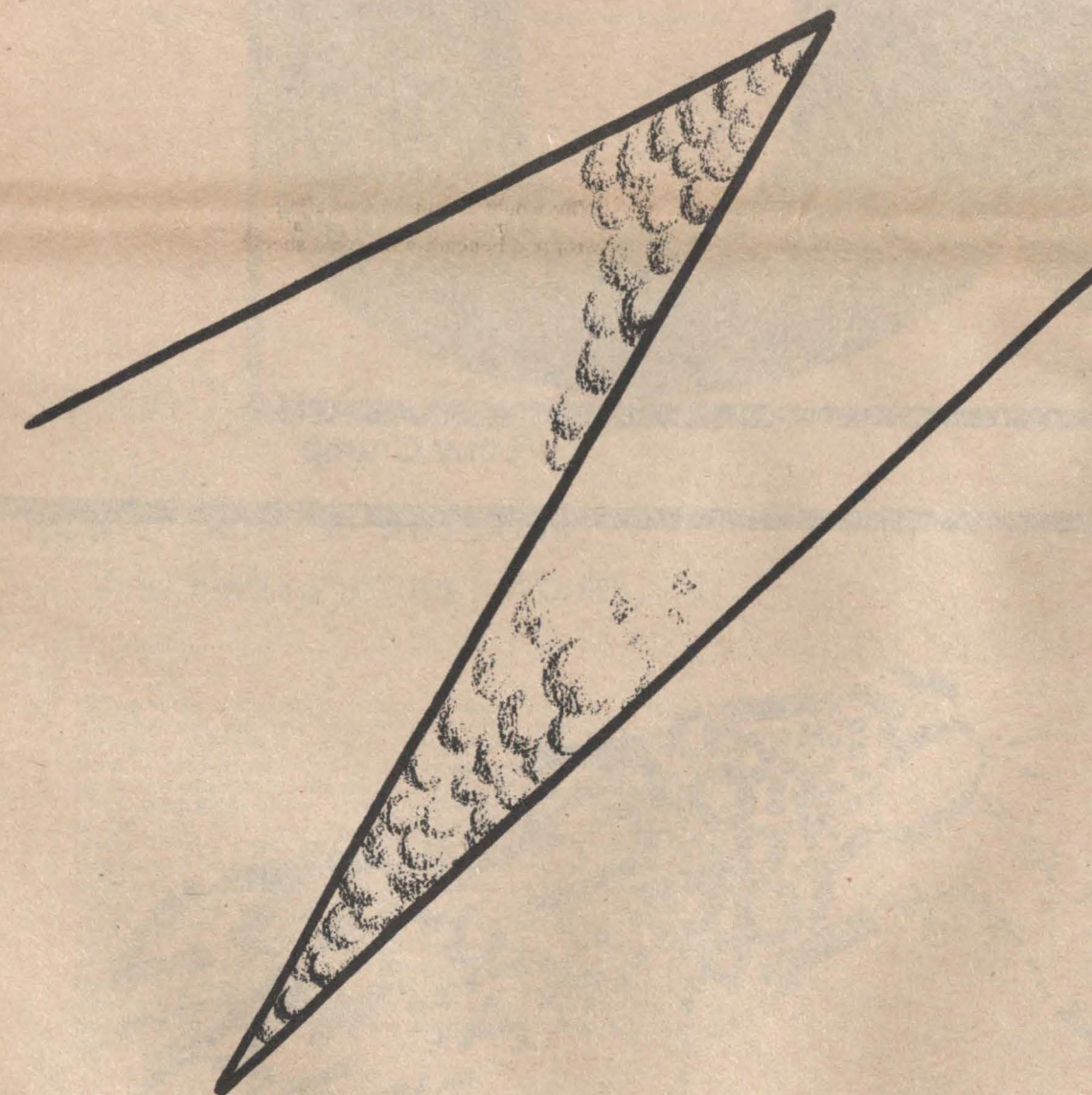
Rose Necked

During the ensuing weeks
Transitory infatuations
Goldenfat
The longings of the blueboy.
The return of the vampire

Menacingly approaches:
I have my garlic,
I have my holy water,
I have my crucifix.
Once more I will lay down

And bear my neck like a wolf
In the tall reeds
Near the riverbed,
Pale and waiting,
Young and smiling.

Zachary Schaeff



Compulsion

A lamp is burning
Lighting

And shading my face.
The twisted sheets,

Gardens of Babylon
Release me;

Aconite, belladonna,
Hemlock.

Your gold
Bleeds amnesias.

Wailings like newborns
Cascade down the air,

Old bones, old breath.
The pants and sweats

Of hysterical dances
Harness the elements

With their pulsating
Rhythms

While inside the cauldron
Ingredients crystalize.

These are burial clouds
Then--

Faces unveiled, spotted mirrors,
The clouds

That shadow eyes
Like bad dreams.

Weeping is no good
Now--

I like emptiness,
The blanks I father.

The night undercurrent
Pulls the sky down,

Eyes look into eyes,
Blind stare, skull crack.

Celibacy
Revels

In the dewbed
Like desires,

Obscene
As grunts and thrusts

Of eunuchs,
The endless coming

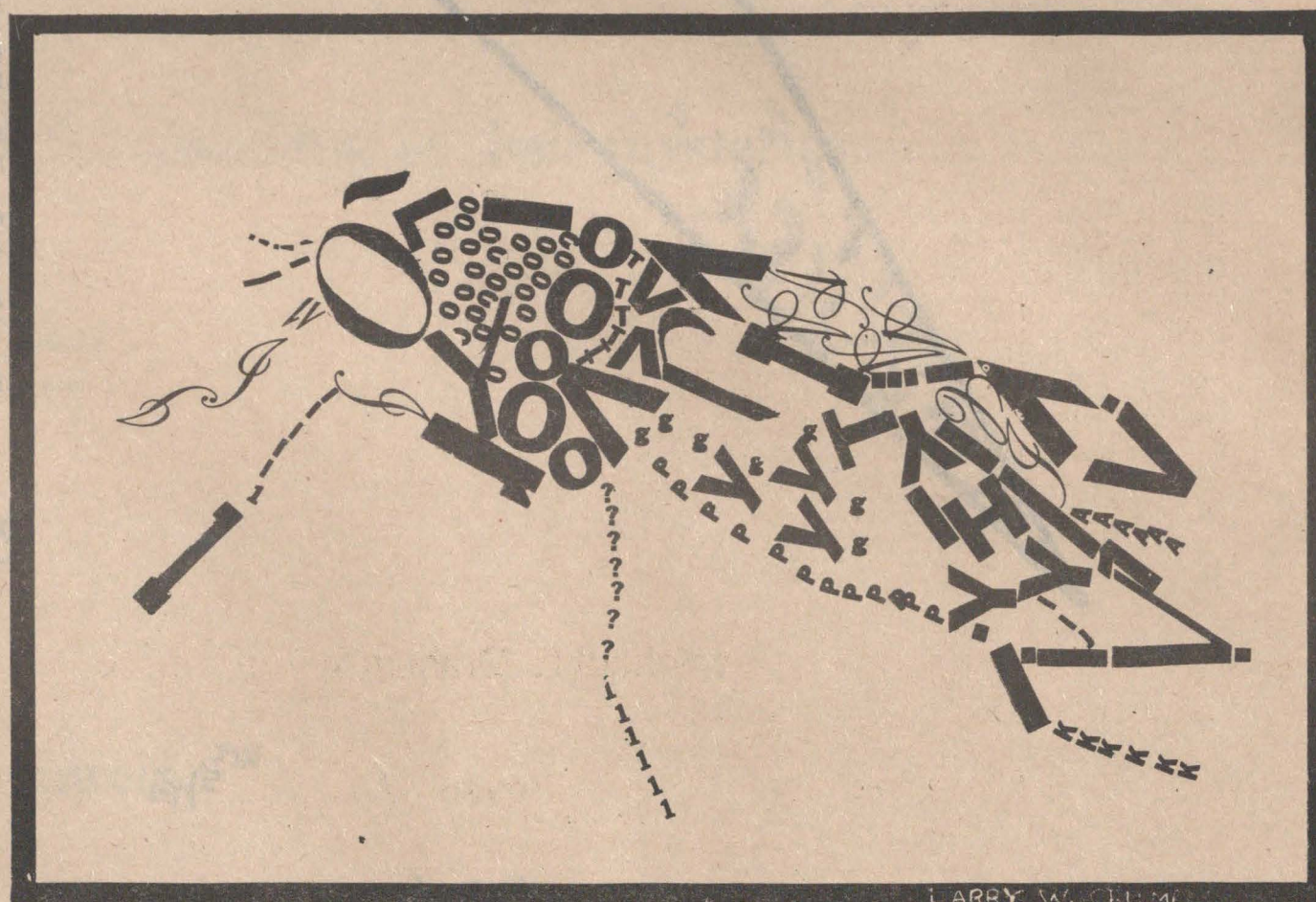
Peals.

Zachary Schaeff

hrc
5/1/78



Larry Crump



LARRY W. CRUMP

After Peckinpah

We're in the theatre, feet on
a sticky floor, the dark
like an aura of disbelief.

The movie's done. There were
more deaths on that clean white
screen than in most hospital

beds. The credits moved in
like a bulldozer. All the remorseless
names: tombstones to murdered

actors, translations of blood
into notoriety. What do we
feel? There is no applause.

The dead, like a wave of flesh, have
pushed us into ourselves. We're
full of our own reactions. Red

bodies repeat in our eyes like
the light from flashcubes. We see the
world under blood. Men drowning,

bodies in slow motion--lyrical
spatters, stick limbs
shuffling into view like shadows

--the flickering of giant predictions
The dead flail in the air, in the
night, the streets are crowded

with their falls, the syllables of
prayers and curses lingering near
their mouths: their rattles.

What do we feel? We have nightmares:
hurricanes of blood, landslides of
bodies, all bigger than we are. Instead of applause.

Barry Dempster

Now Concerning Delusions

And Hallucinations I Would Not...

Sitting in the seat pondering car cushions or the view of telephone
poles bending into infinity never to see the exact ones again. My
eyes are outside but turn inward to submerge into solutions. The
brain's mouth cried "enough!" Having no further desire to house
his intent and warned the five that I am the unappreciated of the
peach and have not been initiated in the peeling or the consumption
of the good so I have no use for immediate reality. The nose
remembered a scent from the ebbing of the hourglass, from time
forgotten only recalled by instinct and brain refused to confide the
scent's place or name. My gaze was fixed on silver undependable
beings coming at uncertain times demonstrating the tom cat's
streak. Noises uninvited to the private set intruding on the ear's
realm, no closer can I come to creatio ex nihilo on a definite planet
where none can hear or see my beings. Yet can any witness to God's
reality? Can any witness to ours or mine? What is the sense of the
equation? Can there be parallels between us two? Now concerning
delusions and hallucinations my bretheren I would not have you
ignorant.

Michael E. Graham

seven - 7

pomegranate

hold its roundness between
the creases of your
ageing skin
let your wrinkles fold softly (quiet
lakewater over a slung stone)
around
its smoothness hard as a polished
pebble, opaque as your eyes in
the heavy shadow of afternoon
still chasing the green swaying shapes
of women

(whose laughter cracks unsteady
today
with the sharp clutter
of ice against wineglasses in
late summer (poured
by your now shaking hands)
mingling with lime and
the dimmed dazzle of
electric sundays
when your fingers were
winging brushes)

but crack
the quartz of its wall
and let its seeds tumble
out
over the kitchen table
in a cerise heap
(o my master) spearing
each perfect shine
on your palette knife
whose edge has smoothed
over the hard yellow glow
of many breasts
caught the failing sun in many separate hairs
inked
in waves towards the blank edge of canvas
and night
shaped the smile
on many mouths of women
whose surprised laugh
still echoes between
teeth
like pomegranate seeds

Chitralkha Banerjee

Madonna Poems

Split Affinity Madonna

Madonna's Finger On Him

makes it
glow makes
it grow

has a toothbrush
in two houses

hates to pick
then moans for the
place she's left
when she leaves it

can just remember
how her hair
smelled there
in those sheets

Video Date Madonna

is so nervous
she eats ritalin
and coffee with
a cold pill licks
her lips smack
smack right on
camera tho she
didn't want any
one to know she
was so thirsty



Teresa Moore

by lyn lifshin

Madonna And Her Boychick Baby

not hers,
not quite young
enough to be

almost she doesn't
want to take off
her clothes with
him sucks his

cock like a
nipples he says

no one else
has

Muddled Madonna

with the book she's
writing on sex she
doesn't have time
to get into with her
men rushing out to
buy leather rushing
back to get a call
she writes rushing
madonna poem n. 11
she likes to keep
things in the air
the leaves swirl around
her bed whirl so
fast they escape
the pull of the
earth she's so fast
nothing changes or settles



Teresa Moore

Rushing And Blushing Madonna

Madonna Telephona

rushes out to
buy a chest
returns it in
15 minutes

she tears the
check into paper
leaves that
blow toward the
Hudson slams

into moods, clothes
trees a little
like Daphne

you can't see in
the video tape
she did with
her mouth dry
from rushing on a
day with the

leaves in her
mouth that she's
blushing inside

finally answers after
letting four phones
just ring hears

about draining the
blood from live cats
about leathery corpses

she smells formaldehyde
on the phone pulls
the wires out

the rest of the night's
like the fuse of a
bomb waiting for

what's burning to
get to what
will burn



Teresa Moore

ten - 10

wanting the first rush when i saw
your near violet eyes baby

like gulping a bottle
of cool red wine

the rush eating
two ritalins in the
dark of the movie

washing it down with
coffee to make

the glow more
than it is

lyn lifshin

The Puppet's Face In The Mirror

with the black
light in back
of it between
the ivy the cactus
leaning up against
the sill black
huge painted eyes
the flopped head
We were just stand
ing there with
the wine but that
black seemed to be
starting at us
it was like coal
would be in bed

lyn lifshin

He Said Don't Care Too Much Too Late To Warn Me

He stained December
made it glow with a light
blue as 3 o'clock in
that room with three
blue glass windows

blue black magical in
that Fort Ann room
the wood was all blue
blue oak blue
that his eyes would
have dissolved in

lyn lifshin



Bob Reck

eleven - 11

Cat Hunt

Creepy pawed you slink
slither, like a sleek snake slides,
searching for your prey.

Crouching amongst green
shrubs feather fronds, sniffing
subtle breezes sway.

Quiet pouncing leap
upon the fuzzy swaying
dandelion's head.

Deni Chasteen



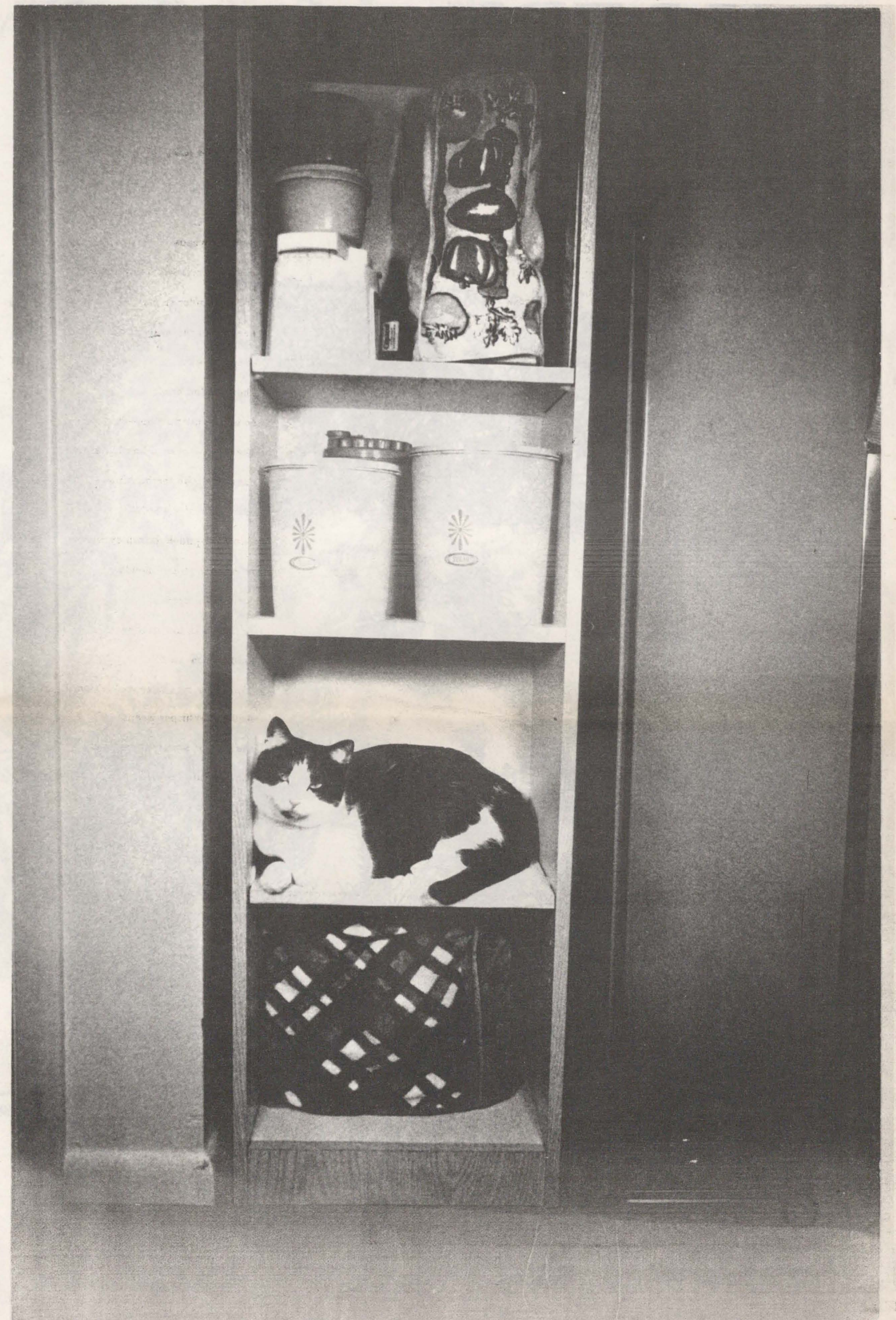
BOD RECK

twelve - 12

Whisper Weeds

Whisper weeds
Whisper their secrets for the day.
Brown slender stems
weaving in the warm weak winds
of late August.
Their golden heads
nodding under a sluggish sun.
The drowsy buzz of bumbling bees
humming with the hushing
of the Whisper weeds.
Two mud-puddle brown eyes
reflect the groggy clouds
passing overhead.
Sheltered in the meadow
hidden from view,
the sleepy eyes were woven closed.
And the Whisper weeds
share their secrets throughout
the hazy afternoon.

Deni Chasteen



Hazel Pallleo

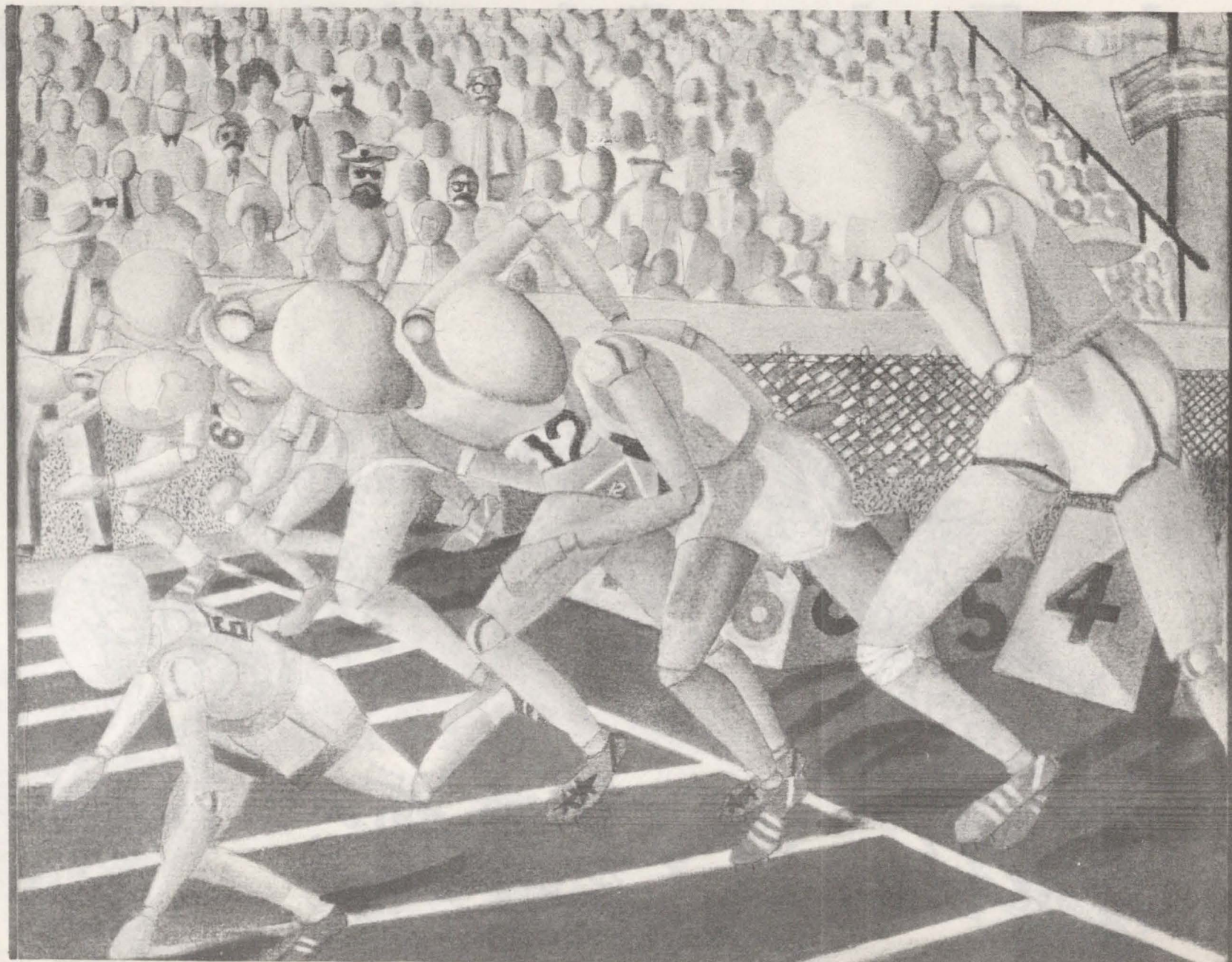
thirteen - 13

GALLERY

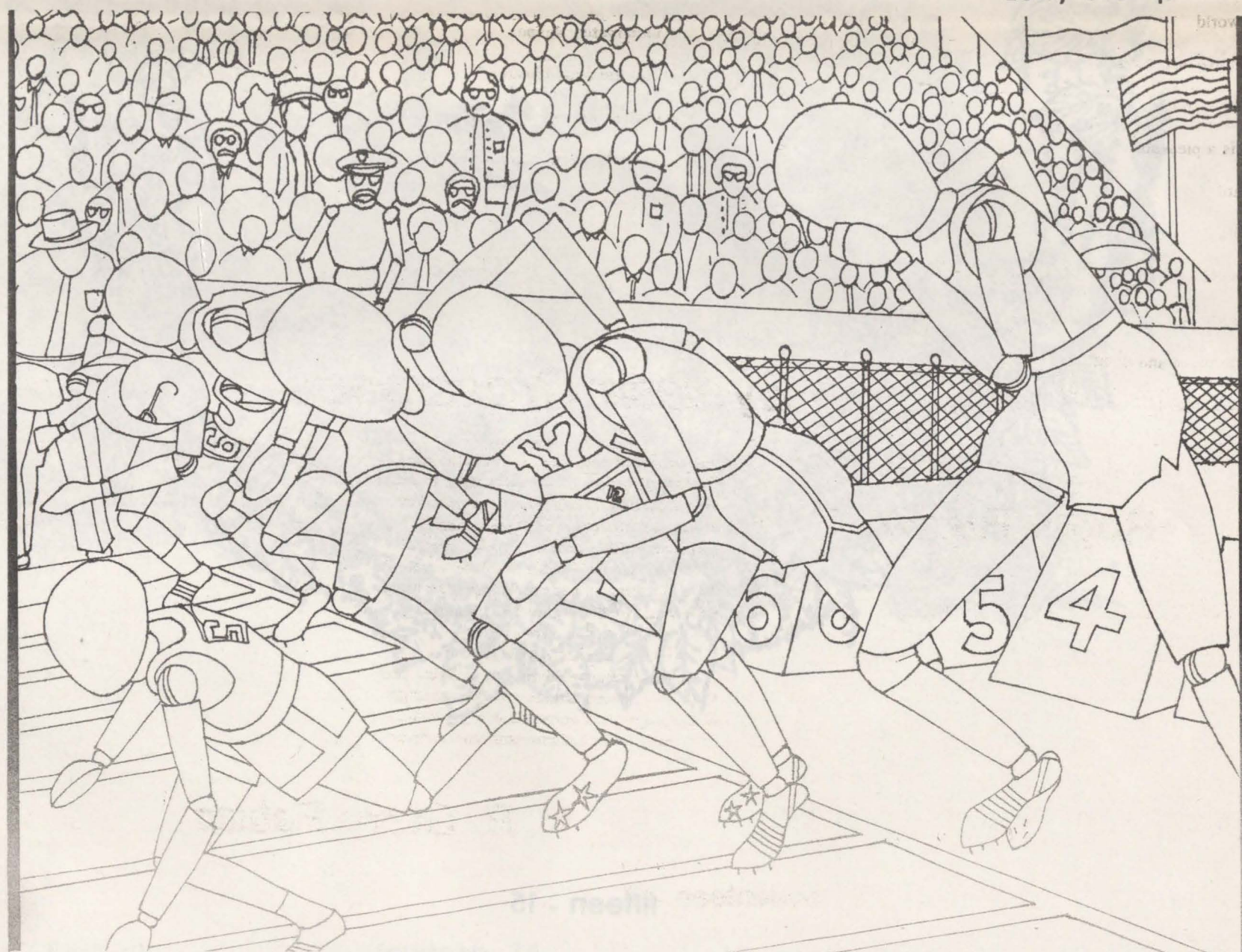


by Zachary Schaeff





Larry Crump



The World

A cloud migrates
inland
until it finds
a mountain
where it stops
to nest
in a grassy slope
A tanker of white
mist anchors
itself deep in grass

and harbors
slow cars
with yellow glows
I feel
housed in this car
and in no other
body
There is
a vast space
between myself
a world
intense or cursed
with nothing
It is a pleasure
until it
fails
The feathers
pile back
into place and clamp
their solemn darkness

Roger Raboy

A Siege Of Powerlessness

A siege of powerlessness
by Roger Raboy

A madman
in a crown of maroon
tosses his bread
his words
to vacant stone rows

The plea
bounces back
toward the man
and everywhere else
the thrust
of rubbery throaty noise
that it is

The plea disseminates
over a throng
of nothingness
like microscopic pamphlets

And the rows
retire
inanimately agape
into the amphitheater
of their existence
basically seeing themselves
as before

Roger Raboy

Eyelash Crossroads

Far too often that look has haunted me.
The eyes are constant beacons of the search.
Accompanied by smiles and bar whiskey
It has driven me to temptation's arch.
Yet even in the streets, the straying gaze
Has been stolen directly from my heart.
I should name it and sort it from the maze
Of tangled feelings that are without start
But it lifts me from the ordinary --
From that glacier of routine and into
That make-believe where one must be wary
And play out the dream until it is through.
It is enough that somewhere a slight stare
May lead me to believe someone could care.

R. Gerry Fabian



Kathleen Charnock

XVII

Winter Surprised Everyone

The clear eye is threatening. Boiling,
its vision teaches reality
like a tumor. We bloom in its belly

with symptoms and imagination thighed
into creation by an uneasy conscience.
Radio music steals into the room;

we are pregnant with ill vibrations. Mozart
whines on an alternating frequency surging
between the top ten of this week

and the evening's conversations. Repressions
are in revolt. The minutes enlarge
like an abscess on the throat.

On subway platforms, cold,
then the sense of running
upstairs, like falling
from dark tunnels.
Learning the sidewalks:
grainy segments
heaved from chocolate earth
by the recent freeze.
Strangers suddenly
to this terrain,
we stumble
where for years
our stride was smooth.

Edward Bynum

Chris Ager

Mt. Nittany

Sunrise, vaginal, in sexual red

drums the cold air homing

in my chest. It is a bright, February

day; breath fades, quicksands in air.

The wind pries me for secrets

pulls at my coat, sucks heat

off in one direction.

Clouds rush ahead like destiny.

We childhood up the hill running, shouting.

Muscles voice their primitive diction.

We ache and smile. The snow

betrays our footing, ledging

on rock and downed poplars

inviting us into their dimension.

We rest at summit

look back on town roof conscious

and small. Photographs inhale the distance.

We feel the earth's will root in our blood.

Edward Bynum

Natureboy's Doubts

Polyphonic trash,
A tip to the madam.
Three ghosts -- they stare at you
Begging signature and food --
But they can bless themselves.
Banister -- outside, snow.
Snow on the doorknob. The loss,
Bees, the honey haired girl;
Now, grey wall. Falling downward.

The woman's hands,
The weight of cloth.
For an instant, music.
A glimmer of mirror eyes.
Then, "Hey, hey!"
"The bees and the flowers, the bees and the flowers!"
The carpet, twisting; her hands.
Ropes now! The plumbing!

A polyphonic kindness,
A grace, a graceful turn, tip,
Flutter. Lips and metal air;
Toward the river, to
Adolescent birds, to the castle,
Back to smiling and the gentle razz.

The painter died with the stroke of a brush;
Head goose leads the flock, insouciant.
He senses insect mind.
Hell, hell. Collapsed like H----'s hand
When it felt highway force bare
To paralysis, silverplated.
All past, crushed velvet.
Mahogany veneer, velour.

Ducks quack back into the water,
Silver stuff; the mist,
Swans' sinister faces,
Softest molting. She swore
Never to use that hand again.
For sure she slammed
Her ruby on the pavement, the mounting
cracked.
Time fell backward into the lake,
That was it. Same old sinking in.

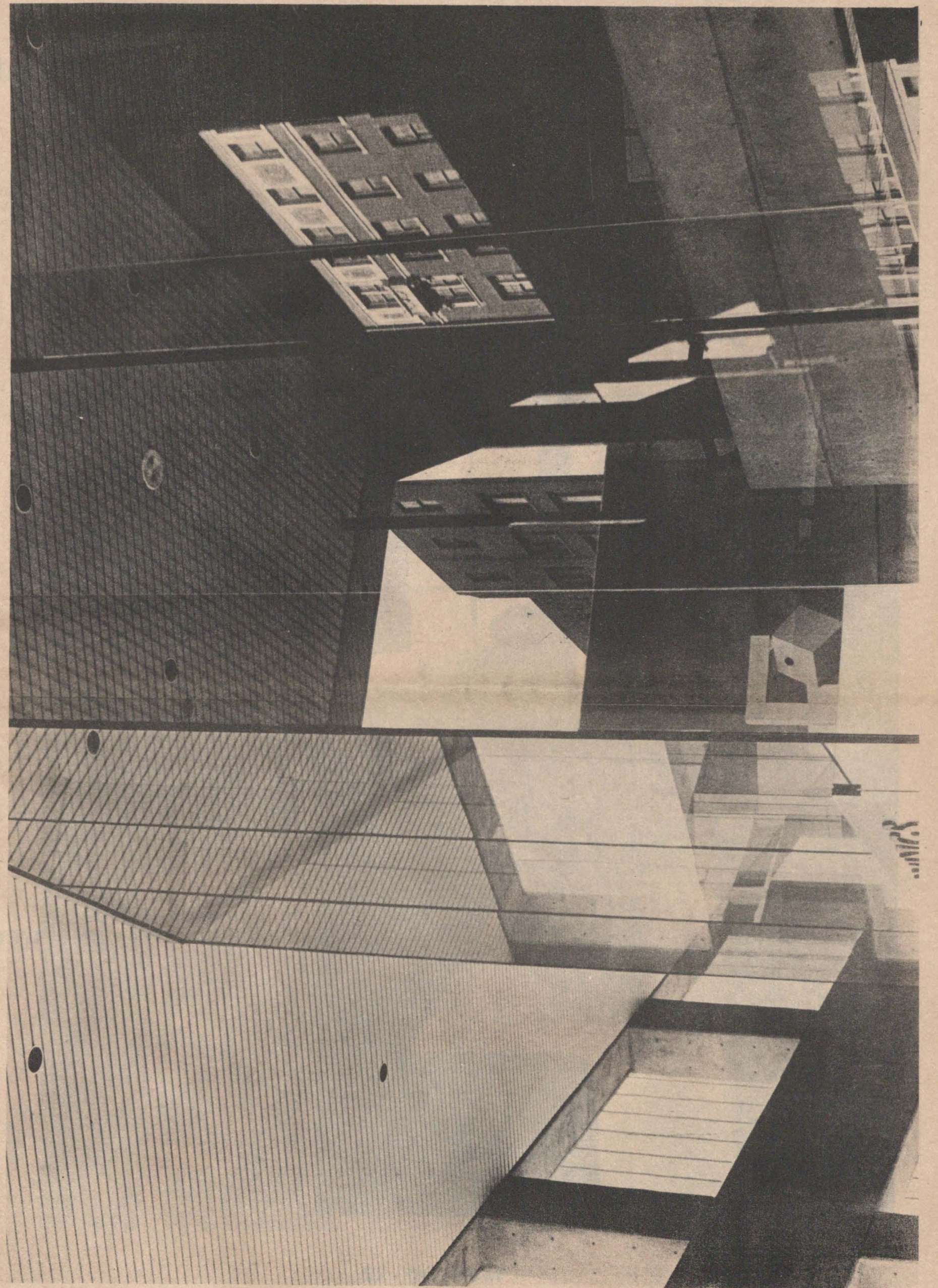
Adam King



Sue St. Clair



Eric Owen



Pat Porter

for m.

i wanted
to ride
the strangely round and
frowning knee
to touch
the slow-healing wound
as you would a breast
a baby
nurture
the shy performer
to feel
the nap
of the trouser
cordless
and blue

Jane Parenti



Teresa Moore

twentytwo - 22

Spring Lament

guilt guilt guilt guilt
it is a theme, a thread
running through my life
stitched in with care
by the sixth-month babies
the seventh-month babies
the carefully pre-dated
certificates avowing
your premature birthright
the scar, the episiotomy
mothers and grandmothers
women in long black dresses
the cracked leather of worn shoes
cackling, snickering
you you you are the one
and now you boy man lover
the nudge in the night
or the early morning
respond and roll over
open like the flower they
always told me to keep closed:
the Holy Parts of the Body
that's what the nuns
in the first grade said
remember not to touch yourself
on the Holy Parts
i thought where?
in the grade school stalls
i hardly dared to look at myself
where are the Holy Parts
even now sometimes when i flinch
and you stiffen in anger
silence enters like knife blades
i am bleeding inside
it is not what i wanted
to guard myself like amethyst
and when i ask you if you'd
like bacon and eggs
it is not what i want now
it is all that i know
from day one, guilt guilt,
feed your body but never your passion
and i am sorry and guilty
again and it is such a heavy
coat to wear in spring.

Jane Parenti

Untitled

striving to climb
the child's

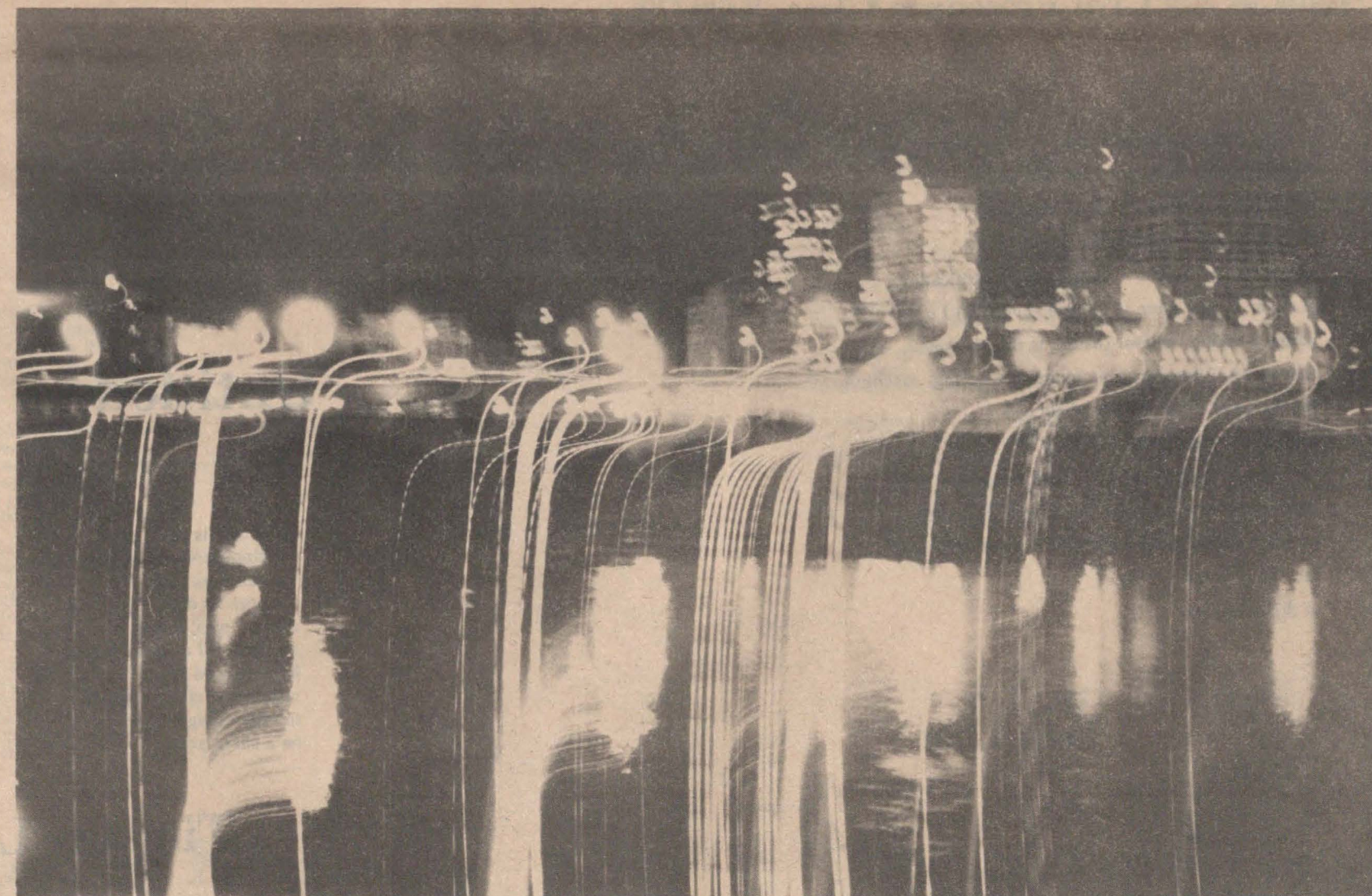
golden knees
and ice cream hair

I chisel with peppermint
through crayon candy bars

and blue jean holes
upward towards

unzipped nylon jackets
and new born bicycle tires

Cindy Shearer



Teresa Moore

twentythree - 23

to steppenwolf

for B.

you are the mirror
steppenwolf
not mozart
not the madman

I am the cup
at the crest of the plate
to the side
of the folded napkin
I won't be
your jagged edge
chip away
steppenwolf
at my broken saucer
climb your steps
the fur
the wolf
is my china

place the cup below you
steppenwolf
you are in the mirror
the table is set
for mozart and the madman
inside me

Cindy Shearer

Mind Climax

An old lover I went through
adolescence with, still see
when the time is right, tells me
she's seeing an analyst, believing
her mind to be god.

"The place of all pain and
happiness is the brain, rather
than the body," she says, holding her head
in her hands. She's trying to achieve
total peace. I laugh.

After dinner we walk to my apartment,
mount the bed like businessmen;
I undress her eyes
and stick my tongue in her ears
and she comes in a series of concepts.

Barry Dempster

Notes in my Civil Procedure Class, 8/30/78

back in the gladiator's ring
hypnotized by the lion's beautiful golden eyes,
the sawdust transports me to childhood
when I couldn't chin on the parallel bars
and there was sweat laughter mortification
(I swear to you there is no true childhood) I never
stopped crying, mother (listen: is that the smell,
the sound of lions drawing nearer?) reaching, reaching
for the lever in the corner of my eye
to squelch these tears, reaching
for the grandstand, for the bar, for the Bar,
against better judgement straining to be pulled
to relative safety, fearing despite the obvious lion
the sharp, thirsty teeth
of the spectators

Dave Linn

There I Am

on the left, standing
in the middle of summer on a
back-yard street
straggled blond hair
white cotton panties,
sandals kicked to the coalbin

those small coloured pebbles
I would hunt and save
made itchy dents in the
soft soles of my feet.

The day floated clouds for cover,
tossing them off
and on
and I wished more rain for
puddles where courage was tested
every chance
with that first step--
knowing better
but not believing

I love that picture--
it makes me laugh and proud
to see me there
in that face
that comes still when a special
rock is found or when
your mouth takes me in
and swallows me whole

Susan Zurcher

Untitled

What is this sea
swaying between us like words,
drowning us in dust?
(So dry! So dry!)
Pearls, eyes, bones,
wreckage of delicate vessels
lie fathomed here,
unsuccessfully navigated
through imagined perils
on a silent sea.

Timothy Lyons

Impulses

Straydogs

cruise into headlights

inspect the chrome of nympho-glitter

compare brands,

choose their masters.

The group

courageous by size

laughs in smokey elevators,

pushes through doors half open

tramples aged ladies.

The fatty

married to a diet,

blinded by erotic fudge,

scales with no tomorrow,

cavities ache "I'm sorry."

Note

We had our coffee in a wide white room
while special effects played
out the window, across the lawn.
We were up and parked on a cliff
at dawn, and saw the blue sun
rise stiff as an advertisement.

Tonight is one that lacks a horizontal.
(I need not speak again, I guess,
of my gripes and suicides.) I remember;
like a photographer, you know red
light can be a psychomimetic drug.
Despite the Grey Face, I grin inside.

We have each other. (I should say *are with*.)
While little bleeding children try
to grow into us. The fantastic plants,
heads we imagined we fertilized:
wise people are seldom so wrong, amid
shreds of dead wood and popular song.

Such an avian release, to be unable
to speak for you
(unwilling, too). The things that hang
from your ceiling reflect our minute devices,
gold and red, shiny as a robot eye -- so
thanks, gravedigger, for the optional sky.

Adam King

by Michael Smith

Intentions

spent beyond behavior

centuries of master plans

the cougar changes course

in a zillionth of a second.

Millions

swallow whiskey and confetti

Freedom River Bourbon Street

swim into utopia

through gutters full of beer.

Comfort

All we can do is sit in the snow
And worry about money.
Fat grey walls follow us everywhere.

We gaze up the dark lengths
Of our fancy leashes
To where the stars swarm in the brown fog.

The window runs with paint.
Try not to shake the iron bar
Connecting our navels.

We sleep in our skates, turn down
The neon ceiling, defrost
The newspaper, count our bottles.
At least the plastic raygun is orange and yellow.

Adam King

Odysseus In Freshman Comp

A would-be writer
sits stifled
like Odysseus mast-bound
during the pull of Sirens' songs.
Minutes pass like years,
long enough for Odysseus
to return from Troy.
Eyes that would have preferred the sight
of Trojan soldiers
squint to see the red transparency
projected on the wall,
today's rules for good writing.
The overhead glares blood-red
like a blinded Cyclops
and screams its message
while the student sneers
at trivial words,
ignoring admonitions
and cries of warning,
then turns his face from that single eye
dripping red on some distant shore.
He is already too far at sea
for the words to reach him.

Gene Fehler

The perfection of the ages
scratched across
the looking glass
like the call of a conscience.

of black all this time,
scratching patterns on perfected,
colorless glass that stares back.

Here,
we no longer heat by coal,
nor by the fire of the wrath
of a smoky, black god
who might complete into clear
and many faceted illusions
such smoky purity,
such terrible perfection.

Timothy Lyons

For Leo

Certainly there are too many cracks
Between walls and floors.
Certainly they will cause the end of the world.

Leo, you Taurus,
I'm wearing your torn T-shirt.
I remember your Thunderbird.

You were an idiot.
Get out of my poem.
The world is overrun with sweaty elves,

Mice and nasty elves with hair.
I recall a woman from Mars
Who blushed blue.

They buried her under the bed.
Things happen
In out-of-the-way places.

Leo came
Knocking down my window,
Clawing at his buttons.

I fed him six dead elves on a silver plate.
There is nothing left to drink but a drop
Of blue mascara.

I ordered all the alcoholics
Out of my poem. They tore my shirt.
Certainly they will cause the end of the world.

Adam King

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C.E. Gingrich



C.E. Gingrich

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